white hot forever

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by indigocarnation

Summary

Will wakes up to a dream. It lives on.

Notes

Hello, everyone! This fic belongs to the Will Graham's Ass Cliterature challenge, in which all the works feature Hugh Dancy characters having a pussy. You can read all of them here. Remember to leave kudos and comments to the talented writers!

Please, as always, read the tags carefully before reading it. I hope you enjoy it!

I fully authorize translations, remixes, podfics adaptations or fanarts of all of my works, as long as I'm rightfully credited and that the original work is linked. I kindly ask you to send me the link via Twitter or Tumblr.

See the end of the work for more notes

The room around them was warm from the timid sunlight peeking through the window. Will shifted in bed and immediately felt the overwhelming weight of Hannibal's body on his. Everything around Will was pleasant and soft, from the sun to the coziness of Hannibal's body, which made Will feel hyper-aware of his happiness, and incredibly protected. Whenever Will was this close to Hannibal, his nightmares—always about blood and free falling—were always at arm's length.

He yawned before he kissed Hannibal's shoulder and ran his short fingernails down the broad expanse of his back. The baby in Will's belly moved in response.

Hannibal's hold tightened even further.

"Good morning, seraph," he husked out.

Will mumbled something back, his jaw still tired and stiff from last night's endeavors.

They had talked about Will allowing it. This had happened before, several times since they had moved to the Caribbean. In fact, it happened often. It happened almost daily, as Hannibal's hunger was insatiable and his lust for Will was pressing and urgent, as he told Will every single time they were intimate.

But it still caught Will by surprise when Hannibal pushed his cotton panties to the side and slid his cock into his cunt. Hannibal's cock was still only half hard and, as it expanded inside, Will heard a gasp leave both of their mouths in unison.

Will's body was sore from the brutal way Hannibal lost control and fucked Will into oblivion after their lavish dinner, but it was the good kind of ache that made him greedily want more. The kind of ache that was worth aching. He opened his legs further so Hannibal could have unfettered access.

"Oh. Alpha–" Will was cut off by Hannibal's hand smothering his mouth.

Hannibal's other hand was pressing Will's swollen abdomen gently, a welcome contrast between the two touches. He teethed at Will's neck and sucked him there hard enough to surely bruise the next day.

Will was dizzy. He couldn't breathe properly with Hannibal's hand on his mouth, and his weight on top of him was smothering. The only thing he could focus on was how Hannibal's hairy groin was brushing against his swollen clit. And how the baby was kicking his alpha's hand, stimulated by the ruckus.

Hannibal's thrusts were relentless and Will felt as if his cervix was going to start bleeding again from the barbs on Hannibal's alpha cock. His cock, now fully hard, was finding its way through Will's tight omega cunt. Will was so wet that Hannibal's cock was nearly slipping out as it pushed through the pool of slick collecting there.

Hannibal pressed Will's mouth harder. It was incredibly difficult for Will to breathe. Will attempted to draw air through his nose, but it didn't suffice. His nostrils were flared and his

chest was rising and falling rapidly as muffled moans erupted from his throat. His mind was chanting ‘knot, knot, knot’ as he tried to keep his eyes open to drink in the most of Hannibal he possibly could—his dark cognac eyes, the mating bite Will made so many years ago, the snarl stuck in his wolf grin.

“Let go or be dragged,” Hannibal ordered.

And that was all the encouragement Will needed. His eyes rolled to the back of his head as he passed out. This, too, had happened before. Will wanted to drown in the nothingness because of how much he loved it.

He thought of death. Of his very own *petit mort*. Images of all the times he had had his autonomy violated crossed his mind like a rush of DMT. He loved Hannibal for it. He was proud of every scar Hannibal had inflicted on him, of every piece of soul he had helped carve. The bone saw, all that jail time, his pregnancy—all instances of Hannibal pulling his strings like tea bags in hot water, constantly controlling how long he steeps. A buzzing influx of memories flooded Will’s brain as he navigated the darkness.

“My seraph,” he heard Hannibal say, his voice echoing from far away, but as velvety as ever, like a siren call in a foggy ocean, pulling Will out of his haze. “Stay with me,” Hannibal urged.

Time and space became fluid and a bloom of colors took over Will’s retina. A maelstrom of sensations electrified his limp spine as Will reached his climax. He hugged Hannibal’s warm body with his hands and legs as he rode his much needed orgasm.

The muscle spasms of Will’s cunt when he came always sent Hannibal to the edge, and this time was no different. Hannibal spilled inside Will as he beamed above him. There was so much come that most of it leaked out. The barbs were bruising Will’s smooth walls like sharp knives in jelly. Will was oscillating between insanity and reality as his eyes flickered open and closed.

Hannibal didn’t stop moving even when his knot had already locked them together. The head of his cock was hitting Will’s swollen uterus and his large hand was cupping Will’s abdomen. Hannibal licked a fat stripe across the skin on the side of Will’s neck as more and more come spurted inside him.

Will trembled. As he smelled the air around them, he realized his alpha’s nutmeg and clove scent was considerably stronger. The earthy, sweet aroma was tangy and intoxicating and Will started purring in response.

Hannibal was entering his rut. The next few days would be filled with more rough intimacy, and Will was looking forward to it.

“Omega… so wonderful,” Hannibal mumbled as he licked Will’s mating bite.

Will looked down at the bed sheets to find they were covered in blood and slick. This worried Will the first time it happened when he was pregnant, but Hannibal was quick to assure him

his omega biology would excel at healing him in no time and that no harm would be done to the baby.

Will relaxed as his chest heaved up and down.

“Alpha, move,” he ordered because Hannibal’s heavy body was weighing on his abdomen uncomfortably.

Hannibal obeyed immediately and rearranged their bodies so he was spooning Will’s cold back, both of them still linked together by Hannibal’s knot.

“How are you feeling?” Hannibal asked as he carded his long fingers through Will’s sweaty curls, now half-matted to his forehead.

Will let out an exhausted breath. Hannibal’s cock was still spilling inside him every time one of them even so slightly shifted in bed. No wonder Will had gotten pregnant on the first try.

“Need to pee,” Will hissed as he held his planet of a belly with both hands.

“It ought to go down in a bit,” Hannibal cooed, referring to the knot. “What would you prefer for morning repast?”

Will’s mouth immediately watered as he thought of artisanal pickles dipped in crunchy peanut butter. He knew Hannibal would be upset if he said so, that he wasn’t craving the alpha’s delicious gourmet cooking.

So, Will shrugged in faux nonchalance. “Anything’s fine. Not really hungry.”

Will’s stomach betrayed him as it grumbled loudly, right beneath Hannibal’s hands.

Hannibal planted a kiss on Will’s shoulder and chuckled before he said, “Is it pickles and peanut butter again, seraph?”

Will huffed. “It’s not my fault you got me this huge and I can’t do most things by myself.”

Hannibal sounded offended when he said, “I’m overflowing with joy to serve my mate. I do not particularly mind that you’d rather have pickles. Do I wish you’d enjoy my cooking more often? Surely, but that’s an ego issue I ought to solve with myself.”

Will smiled as his jaw went lax. His toes curled in satisfaction.

“Mmm. Okay,” he purred again.

“And to drink, my love?”

Will laughed before he could even reply. He felt his cheeks go hot. The baby moved inside him.

“Mmm. Is it Diet Cherry Coke again?” Hannibal asked as his fingers caressed Will’s scalp leisurely.

Will nodded and breathed out a “Yeah,” dipped in embarrassment.

“As you wish.”

Will knew Hannibal’s concessions often came with conditions, so he waited.

“Not before your vitamins, though.”

“Fine.” Will settled for it.

The memory of the metallic taste of his iron tablets came bubbling up his throat and he had to concentrate on not gagging. He relaxed when Hannibal’s arms tightened around his middle.

“I love you,” Hannibal repeated what he had been saying religiously during the last few years.

“Well, you fuck me like you hate me,” Will retorted, but it was light-hearted.

Hannibal traced the dent of the scar on Will’s forehead in lieu of saying, *‘You understand why I do certain things. You understand how I operate. You understand me.’*

Will sighed as their past, present, and future blended together in a ballet of lights. It was as if their entire trajectory had led to this exact moment, and nothing else would’ve been true. Will was Hannibal’s and he had been since they had first seen each other. Hannibal captured Will’s heart on that very day, planted roots on it, and made a point to water them consistently.

It was too much water, though, buckets and buckets poured daily over Will’s arid heart. Hannibal was obsessive and it took Will some time to adjust to the influx of infatuation that emanated from the alpha every time they were together.

“I can see the gears turning in your head,” said Hannibal, inviting Will to share his thoughts with him.

“You know how some birds don’t migrate ever? It makes you wonder. They have wings that could take them anywhere in the world. They’re strong enough to fly through wind currents, thick clouds, and so many other adversities. But they don’t. They remain in the same place, by choice, until they die.”

“Mm. And what of it?”

“I’m one of those birds. I clipped my wings for you. Deliberately. Because I wanted to. And I made my nest inside *your* wings.”

Hannibal’s cock spurted more come inside Will as Will let out a strained moan. His knot finally began to deflate, now completely spent. Will felt the baby shift at the change in pressure as Hannibal pulled out slowly.

Will turned around to face Hannibal. He cradled the alpha’s face and kissed his pouty, roseate lips.

“I used to have nightmares of being without you,” Will confessed. “When you locked me up, I… dreamed of your eyes every night. I dreamed you’d come see me to boast about your power over me. I got high on the thought.”

“Chilton handed me your reports back then. It said you went into a two-week-long heat on your third day. Were you fantasizing about me, seraph?”

Will didn’t reply because there was no need to. He remembered how his hand cramped up from fingering himself too roughly while he thought of sitting on Hannibal’s knot.

“I even dreamed of bearing your child,” Will whispered as he cozied himself in Hannibal’s chest, Will’s belly getting in the way.

“There’s no need for suffering. Not anymore. Any suffering is futile now,” Hannibal assured as he slipped a hand under the sheets to unhurriedly toy with Will’s clit.

Will exhaled softly as he focused on the feeling of Hannibal’s fingers massaging his cunt.

“I don’t think I can do it again.” Will fought against the feeling because his clit was stinging with overstimulation.

“Would you like me to prove you wrong?” Hannibal challenged him, his fingers never stopping their circling motions.

Will considered it for a few moments. He was basking in the dexterity of Hannibal’s fingers, always clever to know where to touch him. He let out a muffled moan from how aroused he still was—but he was also worn out and so, so, so hungry.

Will’s stomach growled loudly.

“Want my pickles,” he decided.

Hannibal removed his fingers, sucked them clean, and got up from the bed.

He disappeared into their bathroom suite and Will’s heart ached with missing him. He already craved Hannibal’s nutmeg scent, but he tried to pacify himself with the thought that they’d be glued together throughout Hannibal’s entire upcoming rut.

Will sat up in bed with difficulty and some of Hannibal’s come dripped down his inner thighs. Usually, he’d be upset at the waste, but he was already ridiculously pregnant, so he just accepted it with a yearning sigh.

With a wet towel in hand, Hannibal came back to the bedroom to clean Will up. He did so as gently as possible, wiping him between his legs so softly that the Egyptian cotton nearly tickled. Hannibal left mute kisses throughout the expanse of Will’s inner thighs as he cleaned him.

When he was finished, he dressed himself and left the room to go downstairs.

Will was allowed a few moments alone with his burbling thoughts, as he reflected on the implications of his decisions.

He was happier than ever.

That was more than enough.

A few minutes later, Hannibal came back with Will's breakfast on a silver tray. It had a little white rose in a vase and Will's vitamins to be taken with his Cherry Coke. He told Will he would let him eat once he had gone to the bathroom. He helped him gently, with a sure hand on the small of his back, and another ensnaring him by the waist tightly.

Afterwards, Hannibal hand-fed the dipped pickles to Will, the omega humming happily around the unlikely mix of flavors, as they discussed baby names for the thousandth time that week.

For the next few days, the alpha wouldn't be able to speak intelligently, and would only grunt and moan through the voracity of his rut. Little did Will know that, after Hannibal's rut had passed, he would share that he had made a decision on their baby girl's name: Seraphine.

Will gazed back to the window, where the sun was already high in the sky. The warmth in his chest was resplendent.

End Notes

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